

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Don't give more attention to your colds and catarrhs than you do to your boys and girls.—*Boston Post.*

—Canned fruit and vegetables in glass are apt to lose their color when long exposed to the light.

—The numerous baskets used for toilet purposes when, after being soiled, are either browned or made prettier than new.

—To never let one acre of ground lie any longer than can possibly be helped without producing, and largely, too, is a good motto to adopt on the farm.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Now is the time to store up a supply of dry earth for winter use in the stables. It is one of the best absorbents that can be used, and is cheap and may be substituted for more valuable material.—*Troy Times.*

—A household writer says that flies can not live more than forty-eight hours without water, and that if water and all other liquids are kept out of a room that long the flies will leave it. Most people will prefer the flies.

—For hoarseness: Beat well the whites of two eggs—add two table-spoonsful of white sugar, then grate in half a nutmeg, add a pint of warm water, stir well and drink often; repeat the preparation if necessary.—*Toledo Blade.*

—There is literally no end to the tints and tones that each color is made to express in the new ribbons of satin, gros grain or satin striped with velvet, which are the kinds most used in dress, garniture, although more ribbons in plain colors are in steady demand.—*Boston Budget.*

—The Scientific American states that plain goods and all articles dyed with aniline colors faded from exposure to light will look bright as ever after being sponged with chloroform. The commercial chloroform will answer the purpose very well and is less expensive than the purified.

—To make sealing wax for glass jars melt together by gentle heat two-thirds of rosin and one-third of beeswax; after corking the jars or bottles tightly, dip the tops into the melted wax so that the necks are covered below the corks. When the wax is cold the jars will seal perfectly; if there are any air-bubbles close them with more wax.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Tomato soup without meat: One quart of stewed tomatoes, one quart of new milk, one rolled cracker, one teaspoonful of soda, a small bit of butter and a little salt. When tomatoes are sufficiently cooked add the cracker, then the cracker, butter and salt. Heat the milk in a saucepan and pour into the kettle, and as soon as it boils remove it from the fire and serve it at once.—*The Household.*

—Cabbage Salad: Shave a hard, white cabbage into small strips; take the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, a cup and a half of cold cream, one teaspoonful of thick cream, one teaspoonful of mustard mixed in a little boiling water, salt and pepper to suit the taste. Mix all but the eggs together and let it boil; then stir in the eggs, rapidly turn the cabbage into the mixture and stir well. Make enough for two days at once, and it keeps perfectly and is an excellent relish for all kinds of meat.—*The Caterer.*

—It has been found that trees are longest lived when kept in soil. When the soil is cultivated the trees, especially in a rich soil, will often make a rank growth of three or four feet. The wood will be soft, and as it generally fails to ripen, the growth will be killed during the winter in clean, open soil, too, the freezing and thawing of the ground is covered with a good soil. The best rule is to consult the appearance of the tree, and if the growth is too rank throw the land into grass, and keep it in soil as long as it makes a good growth.—*Cleveland Leader.*

GOOD COMPLEXION.

Some Common-Sense Treatments Which Are Beneficial to the Skin.

An ugly or imperfect complexion is an annoyance to any woman who cares for her personal appearance—and what woman does not? The use of cosmetics is not desirable, for, though they may cover present defects, their continued use is very detrimental, as will be readily seen if a moment's thought is given to the subject. They clog the pores of the skin. Good health is the greatest and best beautifier, and healthy food and exercise are producers of good health, unless there is organic disease.

Certain kinds of treatment are beneficial to the skin. If the skin be dry, milk or butter-milk can be applied. It is well to mix some flour of sulphur with the milk and let it stand for about two hours, or over night, and then use without disturbing the sulphur, which will have settled to the bottom. This should be used before washing and small quantities should be prepared as required, as it is not a commodity adapted for keeping. If the skin presents a greasy appearance, due to an excess of oily secretions, milk should not be used, but a lotion composed of equal parts of rose water and an alkaline solution of soda or potash may be added to the water before washing.

But the best aid to a good complexion are cold water, a pure soap, healthy food, good digestion and reasonable out-door exercise.

A soothing application for sunburn is water to which vinegar has been added at the rate of one spoonful to a wineglass of water and a little starch. Vaseline is good; so is glycerine and rose-water, in the proportion of one part glycerine to three parts rose-water.—*Christian Union.*

How to Keep a Situation.

Lay it down as a foundation rule that you will be "faithful in that which is little." Pick up the loose nails, bits of twine, clean wrapping paper, and put them in their places. Be ready to throw in an odd hour or half hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and do not seem to make a merit of it. Do cheerfully. Though not a word, he said to sure your employer makes a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you. These young men who watch the time to see every second if their working hours is up, who leave, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant, who calculate the extra amount they can slight their work and yet not get reproved, who are lavish of their employer's goods, will always be the first to receive notice that their services are no longer required.—*The Workman.*

OLD BACHELORS.

Why Many Men Fond of Home Life and Joy Don't Get Married.

I say it boldly and without fear of contradiction, there is not a man living who is at all times proof against feminine fascinations, who has not at some period in his life's history indulged in the hope of realizing his dreams of domestic happiness, in which the face of some real or ideal woman shone forth as the guiding star to brighten his life. No man ever indulges in dreams of domestic happiness outside of his ideal home. The world is his at all times, in that to roam at his own sweet will. His experience teaches him that in all the world can offer there is nothing so sweet as the love which lives in the home, gives rest to the soul, and that peace of mind which the world can not give; his inmost soul craves for it, so satisfying it in the tenderness of true love is the very mainstay of happiness, and no outward ruin "can wreck the citadel where the immortal lives." Is it the fear of the failure to realize such happiness as this that keeps these dreamers from seeking it in marriage?

The most inveterate club man, the bluest scoffer of "love in a cottage," are those men who failed, either from lack of confidence in their own powers of persuasion or want of means in their youth, to win the particular woman they worshipped as their ideal. Disappointment in love is one of the main causes of being so many bachelors in the world.

There are another class of men who very cautiously estimate the expenses of married life, and come to the conclusion they "would be a fool to marry a girl if they could not support her in the style in which she has been accustomed to live." With a few exceptions, these men are those who failed, either from lack of confidence in their own powers of persuasion or want of means in their youth, to win the particular woman they worshipped as their ideal. Disappointment in love is one of the main causes of being so many bachelors in the world.

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TEMPERANCE.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Love, I pray you, stay with me, Shun to-night the revelry. Let your heart be ever true meet in the bar-room if they will, I will never let them part. One for whom a woman's love, Like the mighty dew distill Constant through her love and tears. By the early love you bore For this heart now faint and sore, By my love, oh! I implore, Drink no more!

Can you hours in orgies spend? Give up the pure content. That you felt in other years, Ere my eyes were bathed in tears; Ere your noble soul had lost Self-respect and manliness? Then pause, ere your feet post By the old friend that I love, By the altar where you swore By my love, oh! I implore, Drink no more!

In the great tavern, love, When the spirit rears its head, Where the music of the wine For earth's weary pilgrims shine; Where the riotous feast is trod, And the living law is trod, That shall judge the world of men, What the drunkard's passion then? By the blood of Christ, I implore, Life from death to Heaven's shore, By my love, oh! I implore, Drink no more!

—L. V. Watkins, in Union Signal.

RUM.

A Word That Suggests the Picture of a Skull and Cross-Bones—An Appeal to Young Men.

There is no word of three letters in the English language or any other language that is so voluminously suggestive as this word rum. To one who has been sufficiently sympathetic to lament the misfortunes and sorrows of his kind and sufficiently observant to see the dreadful effects of intemperance, the very word seems like a picture of a skull and cross-bones, with power to hiss out the word death and to startle us with its seemingly intelligent mockery of human wretchedness. The triumphs of liquor have been so widespread and headlong, so crushing to human hopes and blighting to human character, so awful in their effect upon innocence and upon the noblest instincts of the human heart, that there is nothing that so fills the lover of his race with a burning hatred against the monster, which glares at us in the head of this article. Eating out the very manhood of the developing boy, tearing the fairest character to shreds, clouding the brightest intellects that have ever glowed in the world, poisoning the noblest natures that have ever melted the chords of humanity with reflections of divinity, spreading a black shadow over heartstones, filling almshouses and prisons and loading scaffolds, and stinging to their death honor and purity and innocence, rum has been and is the insatiable demon that glows over the broadest, blackest swathe of human misery.

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